The Middlebury Campus

VOL. VIII APRIL, 1912 No. 3

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

FOUNDED IN 1800

THE CENTRAL COLLEGE OF VERMONT

Equidistant from the Nothern and Southern Boundaries. Half way between Vermont's largest cities. On New York Central Lines (Rutland Railroad). Four through trains daily each way beween New York and Boston and Montreal. Fare (mileage) from New York, $5.34; from Boston, $4.00.

COURSES Three four-year courses, Classical, Scientific, and Pedagogical. The Scientific Course includes two years of preparation for engineering and admits to the Junior year of schools of technology of the highest grade. The Pedagogical Course prepares for teaching in high schools and school superintendence. The three courses embrace about one hundred and seventy-five studies in 17 departments of instruction.

ELECTIVE GROUPS Middlebury College offers to every student the personal advice and assistance of some member of the Faculty in laying out a practical course of study. Groups of studies have been formed for the benefit of students who have in mind a particular occupation. In connection with these groups, a member of the Faculty is appointed by the President to act as an adviser to students wishing to specialize in that group. The subjects in which groups have been formed are Agriculture, Business, Education Engineering, Journalism, Law, Medicine, Mineral Industry, and Theology.

NEW OPPORTUNITIES The physical education of every student has been provided for through the work of two competent physical directors. New departments of instruction have been added this year in Engineering, Home Economics, Pomology, and Physical Education and Art, with 17 subjects of study.

GROWTH During the decade since 1901 the attendance at New England colleges has increased 34.4 per cent. In Vermont, college attendance has increased 52.3 per cent in the same time. By far the largest part of this growth, both in numbers and in per centage, has been at Middlebury College, where the gain has been 171 per cent.

FURTHER INFORMATION. Inquiries may be addressed to

PRESIDENT JOHN M. THOMAS.

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

THE MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS.

THE DEATH OF DEAN HOWARD.

THE FUNERAL.

THE CAMPUS could chronicle no greater loss for Middlebury College than the death of Dean Walter E. Howard. Early in February, weakened by what appeared to be a persistent bronchial affection, he had gone to South Carolina, and it was hoped that by the close of the Easter recess the milder air of the South would have restored him to his wonted health. That hope, however, was not to be realized; he returned to Middlebury on Tuesday, March 26, and failed steadily to the end, death coming on Friday, April 12.

The funeral services were held in the Congregational church on Tuesday afternoon, April 16, at two o'clock—the very day when he was to have resumed his labors. A brief private service at his home was engaged in at half-past twelve, after which, from one o'clock until two, the open casket stood in the vestibule of the church, where the strong face was looked upon for the last time by the hundreds who more than filled the body of the house—the trustees, the faculty, the students, citizens of the vicinity, and visiting friends from many places in Vermont and other states. The very make-up of the congregation that gathered to do honor to the dead man's memory testified eloquently to the enviable place he had occupied in the general regard. Among those present, aside from relatives, were eleven of the trustees of Middlebury College, those from out of town being Governor John A. Mead of Rutland; Mr. Geo. M. Wright and Hon. A. Barton Hepburn of New York; Dr. James L. Barton of Boston; Dr. J. W. Abernethy and Dr. Rufus C. Flagg of Burlington; and Hon. F. C. Partridge of Proctor. Among the representatives of the various educational interests of the State were Hon. Elias Lyman, Trustee, and Professor G. H. Perkins, Dean, of the University of Vermont; Rev. E. A. Bishop of Montpelier and Supt. D. B. Locke of Rutland, of the State Board of Education; Supt. O. D. Mathewson of Barre; Prin. C. H. Morrill of Bakersfield; Prin. Philip H. Leavenworth and wife of Castleton; and Hon. C. H. Stearns of Johnson. Among the Middlebury

alumni from out of town and not included in the previous lists were Prof. E. H. Higley, '68, of Groton, Mass.; Mr. Alfred E. Higley, '68, and Supt. C. A. Adams, '95, of Castleton; Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Clift, '90, of Fair Haven; and Mr. H. A. Burnham, '11, of Johnson. Other friends in attendance were Mr. Whiting of Burlington; Judge H. L. Clark and Doctor Clark of Castleton; Mr. W. F. Parker of Fair Haven; and Mrs. Henry R. Dorr of Rutland.

The services at the church were beautifully simple and appropriate, the following order being observed :

INVOCATION,	MR. LANCASTER
HYMN, "Lead Kindly Light,"	THE STUDENTS
READING OF SCRIPURE AND ADDRESS,	PRESIDENT THOMAS
HYMN, " Rock of Ages,"	THE STUDENTS
PRAYER,	EX-PRESIDENT BRAINERD
HYMN, " For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest,"	THE STUDENTS
BENEDICTION,	MR. LANCASTER

The address of President Thomas, which we print on another page, was a worthy tribute—eloquent, adequate, and just ; it crystallized into fitting speech the esteem and the affection of all who knew Dean Howard best. As regards the other features of the service one need not particularize. For those who participated in it, as well as for those who planned the difficult details, it was in exceptional measure a work of love ; their hearts were in it and gave grace to all they did. Exquisite, too, and exquisitely grouped, were the flowers that came in such profusion : from students, from faculty, from societies, from alumni associations, from the normal schools, and from individual loving friends.

At three o'clock the body was borne to the West cemetery. The men of the College preceded the hearse as an escort, the bearers being Dr. J. W. Abernethy and Mr. John A. Fletcher of the Trustees, and Professors Bryant, Burt, Wetherell, and Wright of the Faculty. The sun shone bright and the air was filled with the promise of spring as President Thomas spoke the last impressive words of Christian faith above the descending form, and the loved Dean was laid to rest within sight of the halls that had known him for nearly forty-five years and that for twenty-three years were the scene of his devoted and splendidly successful labors.

WALTER E. HOWARD.

[By President Thomas.]

"THE chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" That he was to Middlebury College for three and twenty years. His faith sustained her, his hope inspired her visions, his loyalty to her worthy past kept her true, and his toil—his patient, tireless, self-effacing toil—added year after year to the worth of her service to the world.

There are men by the score and the hundred in positions of trust and high usefulness, who but for him would never have found the courage to undertake a college education. No road was too long, no tavern at its close too wretched, to deter him from a journey which had a promising boy at its farther end. There was no argument against a college course which he could not meet, for the good of the boy and the love of alma mater. It is only fair to his memory to declare that in the history of Vermont education no man by the influence of personal appeal opened the gate to knowledge and power through college training to more men than did Walter E. Howard.

It was a little college he came to in 1889, eight instructors on the Faculty and less than fifty students. There were those who scorned her, and who said she could never amount to anything. But he gripped her to his heart. He searched out her roll of honor in her sons of a hundred years. He carried in pride the story of her worth from Canada to the Massachusetts line, aye from the St. Lawrence to the Connecticut, and beyond, never admitting a superior to the little college of his heart. What a magnificent partisan he was! There was no State like his State, no students like his students, no men like the men that had gone out from these halls—he believed them equal to any task. He preached his faith in the little college to an ever-widening circle. The last Freshman was not cured of his home-sickness before he began on the list for another year. He never forgot a boy who wrote to him. He stayed by, summer and winter, that he might give to each his personal attention. Alone on the hill for twenty summers, hidden from the attention of the world by the green ivy on old Painter, he fought his fight of faith for a larger and better college. I see before me men whom he stirred to college hope by letters written with his own hand in the hot August days, while the stones of the old building

wrought their story of a century of poverty and struggle into the fibre of his soul. Thank God he had the sweet reward of seeing ever-increasing fruitage of his labors all through the years.

Walter E. Howard was a strong, great man. His resolute mind gripped truth like a steel vice. He knew what he believed with apostolic certainty. Sham and pretense, the froth and foam of idle rhetoric and sentiment, came in no guise which did not scatter before his scorn. The authority of great names could never deceive him: "the less Shakespeare he", he pronounced in an instant. Sweeping tides of opinion did not stir him from his moorings: he laughed while they swept, fumed a little at the folly of mankind, and bided his time for the return of sense. A lover of humanity, he was one of the most independent of men. He held that a man's mind is given him to think with, and his judgment to judge with, and he exercised mind and judgment as a peer of the realm. The challenge to thought, to independent opinion, to conclusions that will stand before the bar of the world's great common sense, which has gone forth from every class room of Walter E. Howard these twenty years has been worth more to the students of Middlebury College than any man of us can reckon. Learning never lessened his keen and genuine humanity. The man was always more than the scholar, so much more that his worth as a student was sometimes under-appreciated.

He judged men as he jndged opinions and facts. His mind was sensitive to character. His eye penetrated hypocrisy and deceit almost infallibly. He did not always tell you boys when he knew you lied. In his great charity he believed you would get over it, and in his great-souled patience he was willing to give you time. Awkwardness and timidity never blinded him to the worth of a man, nor did the easy confidence of a little dapper man ever carry him astray. He looked upon the heart, and he could see the promise of power when as yet it was a great way off, and his hand on the shoulder of many a youth has stirred hopes that were till then unconscious and started many on the road to usefulness of large measure.

The justice of his appreciation made him a conservative. He had read the story of the winning of Anglo-Saxon liberty, on both English and American soil, with throbbing mind and with moistened cheek. He felt the worth of the attainments of the

past, and it stirred his wrath to see men lightly underprize them. His noblest efforts in public speech were directed to instilling proper regard and veneration for the mighty deeds of the fathers, with just understanding of the worth of their spirit for the present. He was a lover of the old days of dignity, and the cheap and the tawdry in political theory, in popular appeal, in oratory, in religion, or in an educational platform, was the target of his fine and stinging scorn.

Yet his conservatism was never unthinking and blind. His life was a consistent endeavor for progress, reasonable and sensible progress, in the development of our institution, in the educational affairs of the State, and in our civic life. On the foundation wisely laid by the fathers he sought to build a structure consistent with their endeavors. He turned to the past wisely to discern the line of movement in the days to be. "We wait your benediction, Spirits of the Immortal Dead!" he said in his Centennial Oration; then added, "And now we turn our faces to the rising sun of a new day". And now we wait his benediction, but by his command with faces ahead.

If we may speak of more intimate qualities, doubtless his students would suggest first, and will remember longest, his kindness and his gentleness. These were not superficial; indeed they were not always at first discerned. He had no great stock of endearing adjectives, although plenty of almost every other sort. He called men bluntly by their last names. But underneath was a wealth of genuine affection, of sincere devotion to the interests of every student of this college. The good, kind Dean! When shall we ever know his like? There was nothing weak or soft about him, but I have never had a friend in whose eyes I have oftener seen the tears start. He felt for the struggles of you students. If he could have had his way, he would have given the last dollar of college funds to help you. His heart was a good deal bigger than his financial judgment. The oldest man on the Faculty, and the keenest in sympathy even with the foibles of youth.

His interest was by no means confined to the men of the college, although in the last years they were his special charge. He was as proud of the women of Middlebury as he was of her men, and gloried in the courage of the college in undertaking the education of both women and men. When he came home two

weeks ago, sick unto death, some of the girls greeted him with a gift of flowers. If you could have seen the pride he took in them you would have been amply repaid.

It were not well to be too sorrowful in honor of his memory. He was a joyous, cheery man. It was his sense of humor which saved him in the twenty-three years of up-hill fight. Stories of his shrewd and telling wit will linger till the last student of his class-rooms returns to alma mater no more.

He was a deeply religious man. He believed that the prayers of righteous men and women formed a halo of protection over the old chapel dome. He knew that a college founded in faith and in prayer could not fail. He counted the missionaries of Middlebury the brightest jewels in her crown. He loved the strong old hymns and some of you have heard him quote,—

"Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord."

He respected every man in his faith, and every man that knew his faith respected it.

But now he is gone, and it is for us who are left behind to take up the task to which he gave his life and the last full measure of devotion, and put it through in a manner worthy of his spirit. The still form there calls to love and consecration, to courage and high hope. We are not true to him if in the very moment of sorrow for his loss we do not knit our muscles tense for the struggles yet ahead. If the cold lips could speak, they would say, "Not me, but the college; think of the old college, and love her, and work for her." Listen to the closing words of his majestic centennial oration, now doubly eloquent:

"'Beyond the sowing and the reaping we shall be soon;'

but the gracious mother of us all beautiful in her immortal youth, shall live on, loved and cherished by succeeding generations, extending her influence into wide and wider circles, teaching always the lessons of faithfulness and honor. And may the God of our fathers, who led and guarded them, lead and guard us still". So may it be, and so must it be, for such a life can not have been lived in vain. His sacred dust is a summons to action, not to idle grief. "Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow".

A STUDENT'S TRIBUTE

How strange it will seem to knock on the door of the Dean's office and not hear the kind, brisk voice of Dean Howard say, "Come in"! And when we enter how different it will be not to meet that frank, steady, man-to-man glance of our beloved professor.

We undergraduates feel that we have lost not only a very dear member of the faculty, but also a close personal friend. How interested he used to be in our student affairs; always ready with his encouragement and with his whole-hearted aid. Although in his capacity as Dean it was his duty to correct our faults, still he seemed always to try to correct them in as kindly a way as possible. Dean Howard was not one who looked for faults in us; on the other hand, he always tried to see the manly part of our natures. He never forgot to congratulate us if we succeeded or to encourage us if we seemed to be failing. In short, we always knew that one man, at least, was with us, waiting, and hoping, and expecting that we would make good.

And now that he has departed, we sorrow not for him but for ourselves, who have lost a leader. We know in our hearts that such a spirit as his is not imprisoned by death, but rather in some higher existence strives on, for he was

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Yes, for such a soul as his there is no sleeping. Only to us who cannot follow does it seem that he slumbers. The memory of him will be ours, inseparably interwoven with the thoughts of college days. The wind as it creeps through the ivy on the gray old chapel will to us whisper ever of him who has joined

"the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence,
* * * * *
that choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Bundy, '14.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SERVICES.

Surrounded by those he loved and by those who loved him, the funeral services of our beloved Dean, Professor Walter E. Howard, took place at the Congregational Church, April 16.

The morning hours passed silently. The dormitories were hushed. "The friend of the student" had been granted his long leave of absence. At two o'clock "his girls and boys" were gathered in the church. The pulsing, exalted chords of Chopin's Prelude wove their way above the bowed heads as his comrades through life, Professors and Trustees, bore the mortal Dean to the flowered-covered chancel.

The services were strengthening in their simplicity, touchingly impressive, inspiring. President John M. Thomas expressed a tribute and ex-President Brainerd offered prayer. The student body joined in singing the hymns that the Dean loved so well.

One by one the women of the college departed; the men formed an escort.

His form, the noble heart, that generous hand, his cheering smile are resting, there, just beyond the halls of "his boys and girls", but the spirit that labored for manhood and womanhood, for beauty and strength, is eternally bequeathed to the souls of those who knew him. May they cherish well his teaching, that he, living in them, may still sweeten and strengthen the lives of all who gather to honor the college of his heart.

Smiddy, '13.

NEWSPAPER WORK.

[W. W. Gay.]

TO young men and women who have at various times consulted with me as to the advisability of their embarking upon the profession of journalism, I have almost invariably replied in the manner of Punch: "Don't".

My reason for so replying has been that I have discovered in the ambition of many of them not a single purpose to become newspaper workers, but rather a wish to enter upon a literary career through the doorway of the press. The realization of their hopes in this way has seemed to be so problematical that my conscience would not permit of any other reply. And to any student in Middlebury whose eyes may be turning to the journalistic field with the hope of becoming a literary character through its medium, my advice is still the same.

Journalism is as jealous a mistress as the law is said to be. It is a profession as distinct in its objects from that of the purely literary man as the profession of medicine or of law, though seemingly so closely related. Success in any profession depends upon a sincere abandonment of one's self to the objects of that profession, whichever it may be, and journalism like the others will not tolerate a divided allegiance.

The young man who enters the service of a metropolitan newspaper discovers soon that its methods are not the methods of literature. His graceful periods and adornments of style he sees sacrificed ruthlessly to the necessities of space or to the need in the statement of news of a simple, direct expression, and to the sense of proportion of news values possessed by the particular editor who "blue pencils" his copy. All these he discovers to be natural enemies of his attempts to give a literary value to accounts of events which may have aroused his interest. This general truth he will encounter as a first great obstacle to his desire to achieve literary success and it will be likely to discourage him at the outset and engender a disgust fatal to advancement.

This is, of course, not to say that it is impossible for a man to turn from newspaper work into the field of pure literature, for that has been done by more than one, and if the young aspirant is strong enough to profit by his disappointments, he will in time acquire a sense of proportion and a facility of direct, terse expression which will be of great value to him should he finally abandon the daily press for literature; but he is not likely to make a name in literature, or in fact do any considerable work in that field while he remains chained to the machinery of a great newspaper, for, unless he be a person of unusual power of endurance he will find that the long hours—sometimes twelve a day—and exhausting night labor will leave him little strength or desire for literary work.

But if a young man seeks to enter the profession of journalism with the single purpose of becoming a journalist, no profession offers him an earlier livelihood, greater advantages at the outset of his career, or a nobler field of usefulness in the world. Its purposes, speaking broadly, are two-fold. It aims to enlighten public opinion by an exact statement of the truth regarding public events, to display before the eyes of men a panorama of daily life in its news columns, and on its editorial page and in

its news columns alike to inculcate the highest principles of public and private conduct, to expose social shams and to correct social wrongs. This statement of the purposes of journalism may sound fantastic in view of the fact that no newspaper actually accomplishes the high ideal, and not a few perhaps seem to act upon an altogether different principle, and in view of the resulting daily denunciations of this and that newspaper, but one must consider that, as in the course of time there have arisen a multitude of philosophies each honestly contending, as Lucian tells the young Stoic in Pater's "Marius", that it alone knows the nature of happiness and the way that leads to it, so in the multitude of editors exists a vast variety of views as to public and private conduct and in each camp is a host of hostile critics of antagonizing theories. It is probable that no man who has been conspicuous in the field of journalism within recent years was more savagely criticized than was the late Joseph Pulitzer. Nevertheless, whatever faults may justly be charged against the conduct of his newspapers, his editorial pages were always inspired by hostility to what he believed to be social shams and political or economic errors, and by a purpose to uphold whatever he believed to be necessary to public welfare.

Supposing now that some student in Middlebury is contemplating a newspaper career, not with some ulterior purpose, as the entry into literature, but with the sole purpose of becoming a factor in the newspaper world, imperceived anonymity of journalism perhaps, yet a factor, what are his opportunities? I can answer that at the outset no profession offers him quicker or better maintenance provided he is willing to begin at the foundation and endure the toil of his novitiate. He should begin with the basis work of news gathering. He must expect years of hard work as a reporter—years in which if he is alert he will acquire a wide knowledge of men and of this great kaleidoscopic thing we call the world. He must demonstrate his ability before he can hope to fill the higher and more lucrative positions which in time open to the qualified. In the law and in medicine the young practitioner must endure a long period of waiting for his first remunerative clients or patients. The young reporter will, within a reasonable time, if he reveals the necessary aptitude and industry, receive a reward larger than he could hope to get in other professions after years possibly. If he has the ability to command

them and the desire to fill them, no position up to that of the managing editor of his newspaper is closed to him.

But there is a serious handicap in the career of a newspaper man which he who aspires to become one should most carefully consider. It is the fact that that even the successful editor—unless he has the the good fortune to obtain control by ownership of a newspaper—must remain a dependent man upon salary subject to the whims of others, the developments in his profession (which are constantly drawing upon the bank of his mental resources to meet the competition of energetic rivals) and the varying estimates of his abilities or the prejudices, of one and another editor who in the whirligig may for the time be at the head of the staff. And he must remember that while the vigor, enthusiasm and freshness of view which youth possesses have made him peculiarly valuable, age will handicap him and, unlike the lawyer or doctor, whose age and experience are a volume of capital to him, his powers and his value to his newspaper will decline as old age overtakes him, and consequently his abilily to resist the pressure of eager youth struggling to usurp his place will lessen. The young man therefore should consider well in making his choice of a profession the value of *independence* which a majority of newspaper workers must inevitably forego. There is of course always the possibility that he will obtain the control of some newspaper which has fallen upon evil days, as Mr. Pulitzer got control of the World when it had been wrecked by Jay Gould's ownership, and of building it up by his talents into a great property as Mr. Pulitzer built up the World; but to establish otherwise a metropolitan newspaper in these days is an impossibility except to a man of unlimited means willing to risk the loss of millions in a problematical undertaking—no bird of common plumage.

As to qualifications for a journalistic career: Is a collegiate education necessary to success. My reply is: "No." Horace Greeley is said to have remarked; "Of all horned cattle preserve me from a college student." He and others among the most successful of American journalists were guiltless of college culture. And among the young men to-day working upon metropolitan newspapers, side by side with college graduates and seemingly of equal efficiency, are youths who have joined the newspaper staffs direct from high schools, and even those who have been gradu-

ated from the ranks of office boys into the ranks of department reporters, that is reporters stationed at police courts, hospitals and other centers of news. But a college education of the proper sort is of great value to a newspaper worker and his broadened views of men and events invaluable to his newspaper. Mr. Pulitzer was so deeply impressed with this fact that he founded while living a large number of valuable scholarships in colleges for the benefit of graduates of the city high schools and in his will devoted $2,000,000 to the establishment in Columbia University of a School of Journalism—not at all for the instruction of young men in the practical work of news getting and news displaying, any more than a law school is intended to displace the law office in the practical work of the attorney, but to instruct him especially in those branches of science of which a newspaper writer should have knowledge if he is to write intelligently on public measures and social reforms. To-day there is in newspaper offices a sad lack of young men so equipped. The wits of young reporters are necessarily sharpened by daily contact with the workers and the work, they may even gain what seems an intuitive knowledge of affairs as they are required to interview men and women of importance in social movements—even so slight an association with men of ideas must tell—but generally their range is limited and their views superficial. With little time and, perhaps, less inclination to read, exactly in proportion as they may become opinionated by the supposed or actual importance of their work, the young men who begin their career with nothing more than a high school education are apt to fall into the condition of machines automatically repeating that which has been told to them without discrimination as to the probability of its truth; and as a result arise curious distortions of fact and ludicrous misapprehensions of principals and practices. I would not have myself understood to be describing in these words all my reportorial associates, for, upon the whole, they are intelligent painstaking men; but the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to have made it necessary for metropolitan journals to employ not only a class of workers to edit the copy of reporters but others whose sole duty is to rewrite the copy of such newsgatherers as are unable to give good form to that which they have gathered. Newspapers will therefore gladly receive men of college training who are earnest in their purpose to give their best talents to the

profession and do not imagine that their diplomas entitle them to immediate control of the editorial pages of the newspapers they adopt. Such young men sometimes make their appearance in newspaper offices and reach the city common sense over rough highways. "When will they let us write editorials?" asked a young college man of one of his associates on a staff he had but recently joined. "Perhaps" was the rough reply, "when you learn to say, 'John Dee killed himself', without writing an essay on suicide."

THE GREEN HILLS.

"FOR some the hailing of the street,
For some the calling of the sea,
But ever soft and low and sweet,
My good green hills are calling me."

Have you ever felt it—that mystic, tender call of the hills?—the call that makes you long to drop the burdens of the day, and go far into the dim, fragrant glens of the mountains. It ever comes

"Across the distance Life has set
A subtil song that swings in rhyme,
No rhymer ever captured yet—
A song that one may not forget."

And when you heard that song, you laid aside all cares and frets and obeyed its summons. You went, perchance, in the gray twilight, while earth was hushed in quiet beauty. Higher and higher you climbed; the air is fragrant now with violets and sweet fern, and now you feel the free breath of mountain pines; a little higher and Piko and Killington loom against the eastern sky in lofty grandeur and how beautiful the picture to the west! Just at your feet lies Proctor, the houses showing toy-like far below. The creek is there, winding away up the valley. Farther to the west rise the mountains, tier upon tier, silhouette blue-black against the gold of sunset skies northward; as the hills recede, the valley broadens to a vast amphitheatre. The sun is dropping swiftly, ah! it is gone. And now—if your heart was hard before—now, in the afterglow, you feel the glory of my mountains. They are no longer distant and proud, these hills. See, as twilight deepens apace, they are softening, are blending,

until, against the horizon, they are outlined in a wondrous, soft purple.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain and vale,
Are God's great pictures hung."

And the message of the mountains? If we will but hear their voices, they speak to us; and the message rings, now "faintly soft", now "surges strong". The song is of faith; as the old poem says of the mountains:

"And lo! I have caught their secret,
Their meaning deeper than all;
This faith, that life's hard moments
When its jarring sorrows fall

Are but God ploughing his mountains,
And these mountains yet shall be
The source of His Infinite Goodness,
And peace everlasting to me."

And the song is of hope; the hope that makes us climb higher every day; the hope that makes us dare to live.

They give us strength for the battle of the day; strength to perform our tasks, hour by hour, "after the pattern that we have seen upon the mountain".

They are restful and peace bearing, these hills. They will bring you, if you will, rest that is deep and still and holy. They will bring you peace, that "passeth understanding".

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Go to the woods and hills!"

Aye, go to the woods and hills and tarry a little with them. Then, when rest and peace have come to you, and your heart is healed of its wounds, you will go back to the tired city with a prayer of reverent thanksgiving, echoing deep in your soul.

"For the lifting up of mountains, in brightness and in dread
For peaks where snow and sunshine above have dared to tread,

"For the dark of silent gorges where mighty cedars nod—
For the majesty of mountains, I thank thee, O my God!"

EDITORIAL COMMENTS ON THE DEATH OF DEAN HOWARD.

PROF. WALTER E. HOWARD, who died last Friday, was a fine type of the true Vermonter. He loved his State and he served it well as lawmaker and educator, and he gave to his country the same quality of good service in the consular service. Professor Howard was a scholarly man, whose outlook upon life had been broadened by travel. He was a pleasant speaker, a wise counsellor and a delightful companion. Middlebury College, which he had served faithfully for more than twenty years, and the State of Vermont, will mourn the loss of Professor Howard. —*Montpelier Journal.*

THE death of Prof. Walter E. Howard, Dean of Middlebury College, removes a man who has been a force in educational activities of Vermont for nearly a quarter of a century. Apart from the presidents of our three higher institutions of learning no man connected with them has had wider influence in the relations of our colleges to the supporting elements outside of the student bodies. His work in upbuilding Middlebury College has been a most important factor contributing to its present high standing. Long a member of the State board of education, the same qualities made him a most efficient servant of the State. More than this, his influence for good among the young men who came directly within the scope of his professional connections was second to that of no other man in Vermont similarly situated. Venerated in later year. Professor Howard will be missed and mourned as one who set an example for all other men. —*Rutland Evening News.*

THE sudden death of Dean Walter E. Howard of Middlebury College means an irreparable loss to that institution and a very great one to the entire State, whose best educational interests ever had been so dear to his heart. He was a noble type of Christien gentleman, a leader of thought, a power in the right direction and in the molding of the lives of young men, and one who was beloved by all who knew him—truly a Prince of Israel. We cannot do better than to republish here the brief, but feeling,

tribute of the Middlebury Register, as follows: "This community and the entire State of Vermont have lost a good friend in the death of Walter E. Howard. He was a strong, able, and good man, whose services were untiring for the public good, and especially for the College and its students. As the member of longest service of the State Board of Education, he did a notable work for Vermont education. Middlebury students had great affection for the good, kind Dean, and many a graduate will feel that he has lost one of his truest friends."—*Springfield Reporter.*

SORROW at the death of Prof. Walter E. Howard is not confined to Middlebury, where he was so well known, loved and honored. It is shared by all who knew him and who had felt the influence of his kindly, genial nature. He had been an active participant in the splendid work which has been going on in the college, and which is bringing that institution to the front in the ranks of the colleges of the country. How well he labored for the good of Middlebury is best told by one who had opportunity to know him well, Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College. In a note to the editor of this paper Dr. Thomas says:

"You ask me for a few lines of personal tribute to Dean Howard. I write them gladly, though with trembling hand. No man ever had a better friend than Walter E. Howard was to me. He was my teacher, and later he was my intimate associate in administration. I knew him through and through. He was in every atom loyal, to his friends, to his students, to the college whose welfare was enshrined in his heart. No man has ever loved Middlebury more nor served her more successfully. He did not work for glory nor for earthly reward, but from compulsion of loyalty to the institution which was his very life. No man can measure the good he wrought for the college and for hundreds of its students. Man after man is doing his duty in a position of trust to the great world because Professor Howard sought him out and gave him courage to go to college. Kind, patient, and charitable, full of faith and untiring in good works, he has left a record than which there is none more fair or none more honorable in the history of Middlebury.—*Middlebury Record.*

THE GLEE CLUB.

MIDDLEBURY'S Glee Club, we believe, compares favorably with that of any other college. This statement in itself does not deserve special attention but there is a fact, in connection with the Glee Club, which seems to demand consideration. Considerable good judgment and energy are necessary to select and prepare a satisfactory program. Why, we ask, not entirely as critics perhaps, why does our club restrict its attention to the neighborhood of Fort Edward and Ripton? We grant the excuse, "a few men do all", but restrict its influence to the past. The increasing enrollment should cancel this difficulty in the future. A fact, that is often overlooked, reminds us that the "a few do all" evil could be partially eliminated if a moment's careful judgment was exercised in selection. All of the capable individuals are not in the orchestra circle. Perhaps the Glee Club is moonstruck. They are, it is certain, about as mechanical in their periodical ascents as the tide in a salt marsh. The Glee Club ought, to put it briefly, to "take a chance".

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

AT the business meeting held after Miss Crawford's talk, the committee appointed to draw up a constitution for the association submitted its report and the constitution was adopted.

The following officers were elected: Miss Florence C. Allen, '98, president; Miss Frances Warner, vice-president; Miss Eleanor Ross, '95. secretary and treasurer.

The executive board consists of the officers of the association Mrs. Frank C. Dunne, '98, and Miss Ellen Gordon, '97.

After the business meeting the seniors served tea in the social hall.

The alumnae who attended were: Mrs. E. C. Bryant, '91, Mrs. John M. Thomas, '91, Miss Eleanor Ross, '95, Mrs. Taylor, '96, Miss Harriet Gerould, '97, Miss Florence Allen, '98, Miss Nellie I. Button, '01, Mrs. Mary E. Crane, '03, Miss Gwendolyn Hughes, '07, Miss Grace Buttolph, '08, Miss Mabel Wales, '09, Miss Margaret Whitney, '09, Miss Goldia Monroe, '10.

ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

ON Friday evening, March 29, the Deutsche Verein gave a dramatic presentation in the social room of Pearsons Hall. Act II, Scene II of Schillers Wilhem Tell was given, and also a farce entitled, "Versalzung". Music was furnished by Misses Pruda Harwood and Katherine Fish, who for one selection played the "Overture" from Wilhelm Tell", arranged as a duet for the piano. The dramatic presentations were well executed and were enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The scene from "Wilhelm Tell" was somewhat handicapped by the fact that the parts had to be taken entirely by girls—parts of course originally designed for men. The farce was particularly enjoyable and might easily have been appreciated by one who was not acquainted with the German language.

On Thursday evening, March 28, in the college gymnasium on Weybridge street, Miss Crawford gave an interesting talk on the beginnings of the drama. She showed the foundations of modern dramas as they appear in folk dances, festival dances and children's games, and showed also the value of such dances and games in the schools for the development of dramatic feeling and expression. The talk was illustrated by Miss Crawford's sophomore and freshman classes in physical education, music being furnished by Misses Bresnehan, Norton and Harriman. The girls were picturesquely clad in "Kate Greenaway" costumes and executed their dances with skill and spirit. The talk was well attended by an appreciative audience. The proceeds are to go towards a hockey field for the girls.

Not long ago a student entered the Book store and gave a dollar bill to the Business Manager of this paper and the poor manager was so shocked that he lost the bill in the crack of a peanut, and the bill is no more.

However, that crack would not hold another bill, so if the manager ever gets hold of another bill it will surely be credited to the subscriber.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Contrary to the usual custom, and perhaps contrary to the strict rendering of the title, the alumni and non-graduate notes are included under this department. We urge al alumni and all former sons of Middlebury to remember that the success of this department depends upon their contributions. Contributions should be addressed to C. L. Smiddy Alumni Editor, Middlebury, Vt., or to Miss Margaret Croft, Alumnae Editor, Middlebury, Vt.]

'69. Hon. Harrison P. Nichols died suddenly at his home in Maywood, Ill. Mr. Nichols has been postmaster at Maywood for the past eleven years.

'91. Thomas H. Noonan has commenced his ten-year term as judge of the city court in Buffalo, N. Y.

'95. George S. Wright, superintendent of the schools at St. Albans, Vt., is president of the Vermont State Teachers' Association.

'00. At the annual meeting of the Lawyers' Club of Buffalo, held on December 23, Samuel B. Botsford was elected president. The Lawyers' Club is made up of the representative lawyers of the city of Buffalo. Its records show many guests and speakers not only of State but of national prominence.

'08. Rev. George H. Severance is pastor of the Episcopal church at Springfield, Vt.

'08. Dugald Stewart, student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was in Middlebury recently.

'09. H. I. Hagar spent Christmas in Middlebury.

'09. Miss Wales, who has been visiting her mother in Middlebury for the past week has returned to her duties in Proctor.

'09. F. P. J. Shea is spending a short vacation with his parents in Middlebury.

'09. Rev. and Mrs. Edward L. Elliott of Holden, Vt., sailed February 1 from New York City for Liverpool, England. After a few days in Liverpool they will go to Kunso, Africa, where they will begin their new work. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott represent the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Board. Since his graduation, last June, from Houghton College, Houghton, N. V., Rev. Mr. Elliott has been filling a pastorate at Mooers, N. Y.

'10. George Darrow is engaged in government service in Florida.

'10. P. R. Harmon is with the J. L. Hammett Company at 116 W. 14th street, New York City.

'11. P. W. Darrow, who is employed by the International Banking Corporation, sailed on the Minnehaha January 20 for England, where he will remain two years preparatory to being stationed in the Orient. His address will be International Banking Corporation, 36 Bishopsgate street, London, S. C., England.

'11. Wayne C. Bosworth has entered the employ of the Columbia Trust Company at 135 Broadway, New York City.

'Ex-'13. Walter E. Dancink is tutoring in a private family at 211 Montague street, Brooklyn.

'11. Miss Foote has been visiting in Middlebury for a few days.

'11. R. F. Palmer was in Middlebury for a short visit.

'11. Twitchell has left his position as principal of Proctorsville High School and has accepted one as superintendent of schools in Marlboro, N. H.

'11. Miss Bullard has been visiting in Middlebury.

11. Miss French spent a few days in Middlebury on her way home from Mt. Holyoke College.

'11. Miss McLellan spent her Easter vacation at her home in Middlebury.

'11. Miss Brodie was a guest of Miss Hatch, '14, for a few days.

'11. Miss Walker spent Sunday with Miss Caswell.

'11. Miss Easton has returned home for her Easter vacation.

The Middlebury College alumni in the vicinity of New York invited the base ball team to a "smoker" at Hotel Cumberland on the evening of the game with New York University, April 9.

Now that Easter is past do something real devilish and subscribe to the Campus.

STUDENT NOTES.

Schilling, '15, has returned to Middlebury.

Stillson, '12, has had as a guest his mother.

Bundy, '12, spent a week in Springfield, Mass.

The Y. W. C. A. held their banquet at Pearsons.

Alpha Chi entertained the freshmen girls March 23.

Pi Beta Phi entertained the freshmen girls March 30.

Sigma Kappa entertained the freshmen girls March 16.

The Glee Clnb held a concert in the town hall March 15.

Abbott, '14, is at his home until after the Easter vacation.

Hughes, '14, has returned to his home in Brooklyn, Mass.

MacMurtry, '13, has been made manager of the College Band.

Metcalf, '14, spent a few days at his home in Hydeville, Vt.

Hanna, '15, has returned to college after a month's absence.

King, '12, attended the Sophomore Hop at Vassar College.

Ruth Brigham of Worcester has been a guest of Rachael Pike.

Prince Smith of University of Vermont was a guest of Reynolds, '12.

Nina Shepherdson has been visiting Mary Archibald, '13, for a few days.

George Cornell of Poultney visited Elmer West, '14, March 21.

Delta Tau, a freshmen society, held their banquet at the Sargent house.

Delta Sigmas on March 18, initiated Parkenson, '15, and Seidenberg, '15.

King, '12, was called home the first of March on account of the death of his grandmother.

Arnold, '13, Van Ness, '13, and Rogers, '15, attended the Junior Promenade at Mt. Holyoke.

The Junior Week Committee is Thomas, '12, McQuirk, '13, Chalmers, '13, Brayton, '13, and Triggs, '14.

Amelia Willard, '12, has returned to college, after a few days' absence because of the death of her father.

Sherman, '15, has left college for the remainder of the semester on account of the serious illness of his father.

De Souza, '15, has left college to go to New London, where he intends to spend the remainder of the school term.

Sophomore girls held a banquet at The Addison in honor of their basket ball team, which won the championship.

Munroe, '12, left college a short time ago and has taken a position as supervisor of schools in Philippine Islands.

The Freshman Debating Society have had their trial debate to select the men best qualified for 1915 debating team.

Smiddy, '13, was called home a few days before the Easter vacation on account of the illness and death of his father.

President Thomas, '90, has recovered from his severe attack of Lagrippe, which has confined him for some time to his bed.

Miss Dorothy G. Parkman, teacher in the normal school in New Britain, Conn., is the guest of her sister, Miss Eleanor Parkman, '15.

Oscar Rogers, '14, who left college during the first semester on account of an attack of typhoid fever, is recovering after a long and serious illness.

Dr. James L. Tyson, secretary of Massachusetts Peace Society, gave a very interesting talk on the Peace movement, Friday evening, March 22.

Williams, H. O., '13, Taylor, '12, Ormsbee, '14, Sterns, '14, Chapman, '15, and Huntley, '15, attended the Chi Psi Convention held in Boston.

Harris, '12, Moran, '13, McIntire, '13, Hendry, '15, Robertson, '15, held evangelistic services at Whiting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

A twilight musicale, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., was held in the Memorial Baptist church, March 21, for the benefit of the Silver Bay Fund.

The ladies of Middlebury were invited to a tea on Saturday afternoon, March 23, at Pearsons to meet the officers of the newly formed Middlebury College Alumnae Association.

The Y. W. C. A. officers for the coming college year are as follows: President, Miss Holmes, '13; vice-president, Miss

Holden, '13; treasurer, Miss Blakeman, '14, and secretary, Miss Feeney, '15.

The Middlebury College base ball team left on Sunday, April 7, for Storrs, Conn., where they will play their first game of the season with Storrs Agricultural School. They will play the New York University and the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute before they return.

A freshman society, known as the Phi Delta, was organized in Middlebury College last fall. The members are: Andrews, '15, Foote, '15, Gosselin, '15, Haskins, '15, Howard, '15, Huntley, '15, Kenure, '15, Kimball, '15, Loder, '15, Rogers, '15, Schilling, '15, and Whiting '15. Their first annual banquet is to be held at Hotel Vermont in Burlington, April 23.

FOUL PLAY.

A student was seen to enter the Bookstore just before the Easter vacation and *insist* that the manager of the Campus place his name on the paid subscription list. Evidently that student did not know that it is an old Middlebury custom that all managers must sally forth with club and post-hole digger in order to extract a dollar from the wallet of a Middleburyite.

Let this be a warning. Only 317 more students will be allowed to do this. When the college grows we may be more lenient but not till then.

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